

THE WHITTIER PICTORIAL

Mr. G. Keller
117 N. Washington Ave.
Whittier, Calif.



January 18, 1951

IN THIS ISSUE

Mr. Magee

**South of the
Boulevard**

An Aerial View



Modeled by Lee Smith and "Snowshoe"

Editorializing

THE DILEMMA

The gentleman pictured at right, Councilman Edward C. Siewert, was photographed in this attitude of meditation during last week's City Council meeting. What, the curious reader wants to know, was Mr. Siewert meditating about?



Our own guess is that this particular City Father was wondering what to do about City Manager Howard Church. For ever since before he and Councilman Wilber D. Stockdale were elected last April, they committed themselves to a get-Church's-scalp policy. And, joined by Councilman Turner C. Smith, they have made sporadic efforts to unseat Church by eliminating the city manager system.

By and large they have made little headway. When tinkering with the manager ordinance did not prove to be the easy way it seemed to eliminate the manager, they began to confer on how to fire him painlessly (for the council). Dismissal, they knew, was not hard; but the after-effects were liable to be unpleasant. Why? The citizenry might logically expect the Council to give exceedingly airtight reasons for any such dismissal.

The dilemma of Messrs. Siewert, Stockdale and Smith is that these reasons do not exist. Church, it now turns out, is a lamentably good manager who is a real asset to Whittier.

So Mr. Siewert and his colleagues have every reason to meditate. If they don't fire Church, they lose face. If they do, Whittier suffers.

Surely they have an appallingly difficult decision to make. We—along with a great many Whittierites—are pulling for the councilmen in their hour of trial: any man who stands squarely before his conscience deserves the sympathy and understanding of the community. It is our hope that they may continue to merit this sympathy *after* they make their fateful decision.

Covering the Pictorial

It is said, in movie gossip circles, that when Prince Ali Khan married beauteous Rita Hayworth, he presented her with a chinchilla coat costing a modest \$75,000. Had the Moslem Prince been more economy minded, he might have picked one up for a mere \$15,000 to \$35,000. You could do the same, if you were fortunate enough to locate one of the few chinchilla garments on the market.



There will be more in the future—five or ten years from now—when the number of chinchillas raised in this country and Canada increase from the present 100,000 to a million or more. No prime animals are "pelted" now, because the breeding stock is still being built up. Hence, all jackets, coats and so on made of chinchilla which are offered, are of "casualty pelts"—from animals which die of disease or old age—and therefore are not of the best pelts.

Several Whittierites breed chinchillas. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Earl A. Ayers, 10232 Lundene Ave., who have 26 pair, including the little fellow Lee Smith, 901 Acacia, is fondling in the accompanying photo. A pair (guaranteed fertile) can be had for a mere \$1,650; they have two or more litters a year of from one to seven babies each, but they require a lot of attention.

Miss Smith's friend, name of Snowshoe, probably will be shown at the first Western Regional Chinchilla Show, Glendale, January 27-28.

Chinchillas which, with the fleet little Andean camel, the vicuna, shared the honor in ancient times of furnishing pelts which only the royal Inca might wear, have had a romantic history. They live at extreme altitudes in the Andes, are related to the American pika, and look like a cross between a cottontail and a grey squirrel. Their fur is so soft (honest) that a blindfolded person cannot tell when his fingers first come into contact with it. The hairs are extremely fine—40 to 80 of them in a follicle smaller than a human hair—and are of three colors, slate blue underneath, white near the ends, and grey tipped.

"Chinchilla fur cannot be imitated," Mrs. Ayers says. "Because of its diverse colors, the coat ripples when the slightest air movement touches it, and it is so light that a chinchilla fur coat weighs no more than a cloth garment."

Chinchillas are smart little characters. Babies are born fully furred, with their teeth all ready for work and their eyes open. They mate for life, live from five to 20 years, bark like a baby's sneeze and eat about \$4 worth of groceries a year. They weigh from a pound to 22 ounces and are worth more than their weight in gold.

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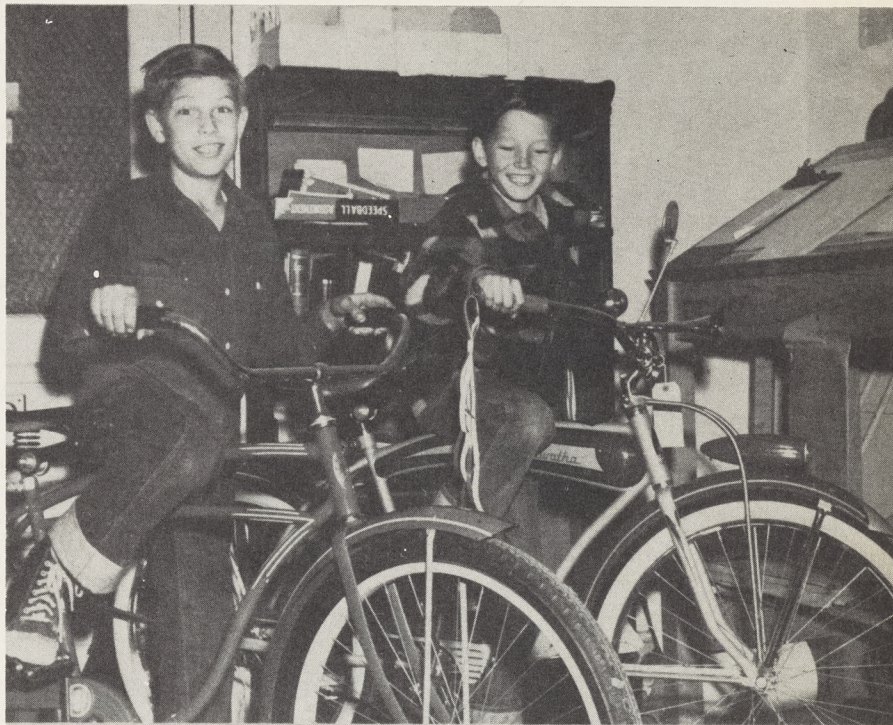
Whittier's Own Local Picture Magazine

Published every other Thursday at Whittier, California

Charles N. Pollak II, Dan L. Thrapp, PUBLISHERS. Don Kracke, STAFF CARTOONIST; Charles Lonzo, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER; Harry Cuthbertson, ADVERTISING MANAGER; Martha S. Pollak, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: Room 129, Emporium Building, 133 E. Philadelphia St.; Tel. OXford 45-0274, 4-3879. SUBSCRIPTIONS: one year (26 issues), \$3.50. Subscriptions accepted by telephone or mail at above address, or may be left at 114 E. Philadelphia St. Composed in Whittier by F & B Typographic Service.

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JANUARY 18, 1951



Everett Fulce

Stuart Fellbaum

The WHITTIER PICTORIAL's great newsboy contest, which ran from October through the end of the year, ended in an amazing near-dead heat and instead of presenting one bicycle to the winner, THE PICTORIAL was pleased to give two bikes—to winner and runner-up.

Stuart Fellbaum, 6307 Redman Ave., earned an astronomical 3,853 points at the rate of one point for each magazine sold and 40 points for each subscription sold; Everett Fulce earned the title of co-champ with 3,850 points earned on the same basis. Because the boys were so close, and so far ahead of the rest of the field, the editors thought they each deserved a bike.

Third was Craig Walker, whose 656 points earned him the radio. Raymond Stillson was fourth with 423, and Bill Meier was fifth with 191 points.



Craig Walker



Ray Stillson

It's always nice to know you are doing a good job, so you can imagine how the editors of THE PICTORIAL felt when Mrs. Orval Barnes showed us a portion of a letter written home by her son, Bill, now with the marines of Charley battery in Korea: "Please send me a subscription to the Whittier PICTORIAL," Bill wrote. "It was like walking through Whittier and talking to some of the people I know."

Cat Not Napping

Our cat got up when I shut the door,
And scratched at it, and stared at me.
But when I opened it he yawned
And padded back complacently.
Importunate claustrophobic,
Small fighter of despotic sin,
Who had no wish for going out
But did not choose to be shut in!

—HORTENSE ROBERTA ROBERTS



the **Miraculous Mr. Magee**

The story of Larry Magee and of how, under his guidance, the school system of rapidly growing Rivera has developed apace

By KAY LOWERY

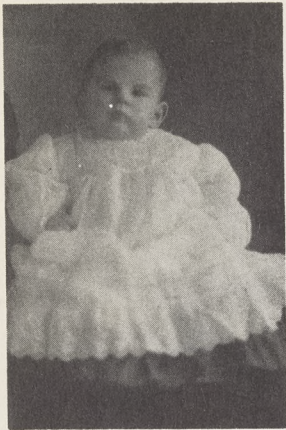
You're driving down Serapis Avenue in Rivera when you come upon a dead end. There's a lot of building going on to the left of the road, so you get out and inquire of one of the workers, "Hey, what's this?" "It's a new school," you hear. Some school, you think, taking in the dozen-acre project in a sweeping glance. "What school is it?" "Gonna be the Lawrence T. Magee School." Who was he, you wonder, figuring he was some Mister Big in 19th century educational philosophy. But you ask anyway. "Not, 'Who was he?', Mister, 'Who *is* he?'"

Then, if you've got time—a couple days—and you're interested, you'll learn about Superintendent Larry Magee of the Rivera Elementary School District: a man who, though fired only three years ago from the principalship of San Gabriel High School, got through a three and a quarter million dollar loan from the State when ten schools were being proposed for a poverty-stricken Rivera district; who found a new school named after him before he'd completed half of his first contract; who had the P-TA in love with him, the president of the Board of Education, Irvin C. Cornwell, saying, "He's really knit this community together", and the faculty club in a rare and unconventional tribute asking him to join its club.

Freshly fired in 1948 from his first administrative post, Magee was seriously

considering leaving education altogether. "I felt," he confided, "that if I were wrong, then so was my whole educational philosophy, and I didn't belong in the profession. I'd be building houses today if—" If the Rivera Board of Education hadn't believed that there was something dynamic in this 37-year-old "ball of fire" who'd come to them for a superintendent's job. They went back to San Gabriel, peeked behind the scenes of the booting and shoved a contract in Magee's hands, apparently satisfied that he not only *had been* right but that he was *just* right for the job they had open.

Magee, who came to Santa Monica from Winnipeg, Canada when he was eight years old, had a considerable flair for show business, and in the fading end of the roaring 20's left school for a stint on the road with Belasco and Curran. He was an unobtrusive "Mr. Quinn" in one of their plays, doubling as third bellboy. But the crash was bad for show business and Magee grabbed at a tuition instructorship at Arizona State. Then, in 1935, diploma packed, he headed into the wilds of an Arizona Indian reservation on his first teaching assignment. There, hunting and fishing, fresh air and the desert agreed with him; a rare Indian burial that continued throughout an entire day enchanted him and he stayed two years. But not before he returned to Southern California at Christmas to marry Vicky Redrick.



at 4½ months . . .



14 and first jalopy . . .



senior play lead . . .



college track star . . .



building a home . . .

His second teaching job—at Westwood, in the Lassen country—was not a pleasant one, he recalls, for a lumber concern owned everything in sight and set up a feudal hierarchy that retained teachers only as privileged peons. He moved happily to Shafter after one year, and still a year later to Alhambra nearer the home of his youth.

In 1942 Magee left Alhambra to take up navigation training with T.W.A. in Kansas City. After several months of schooling there he enlisted in the Air Force as a private, but was soon yanked out of basic training and put on anti-submarine patrol as an enlisted navigator. Before he completed his 37 missions he managed to clear the Army red tape that had held up his commission and became a 2nd looney. He was discharged in 1945 and returned to Alhambra to finish out the year, at the same time completing his graduate administrative work at Claremont College. In the summer he took another leave of absence from Alhambra to help write an instructional manual on flying for California's schools.

Then, in 1947, his move into the administrative field came when he assumed principalship of San Gabriel's Washington Elementary School. There he got a basket of trouble he hadn't bargained for; he disagreed with the superintendent over basic philosophy; stirred up enough personal enmity to get himself quietly fired at the end of the year when a rump board meeting (Whittier City Council style) met after 150 irate citizens who had come to defend Magee were dismissed with, "We won't discuss personnel problems tonight."

Magee is a small-built man of Canadian birth who has spent most of his life in this area. He is a social optimist whose *savoir faire* turns even the most delicate situations into normal, friendly occasions. His smiling, back-slapping good nature does not ruffle easily—few have seen him angered. He mixes as easily with the rough, overalled farmers at Conley's Market where he stops two or three times a week for groceries as he does with the state legislators whom he has confronted numerous times on his trips to Sacramento to push local financial needs. He introduces Conley to his friends as "Rivera's unofficial mayor and good-will emissary," cracks him genially across the shoulders and waits for the inevitable joke from Conley. Within minutes he has gathered about him whatever ranchers have been haranguing about the store and for 15 minutes he chatters back and forth about the growing community, "three acres we need here . . . a corner there that was too close to the road—they wouldn't let us build there" and finally gabbing his way around all of them with,

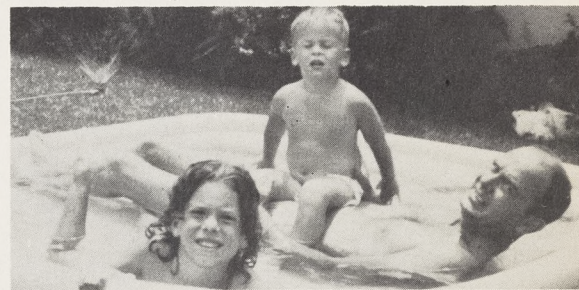


As actor for Curran & Belasco in 1929.

"You know, he's the best darned rancher (or builder or whatever else is about) you ever knew." Magee has learned a basic and vital concept in personality manipulation: he speaks only good of others; and though they recognize it—Marion Irvin P-TA member admitted "he's got the gift of gab"—they love it, and she went on, "but that's all right; he went up to Sacramento with it and talked to those guys and that's what we needed. He's terrific!"

His never-ending interest in those about him commands a sincerity, if through sheer volume alone, that draws others to him. When two of his faculty members didn't sign up for the annual Christmas party, he was concerned. When he discovered that they couldn't afford even an inexpensive evening, he started looking into teacher salaries, convinced that something had to be done. Feeling that good teachers are more important than the paper and ink they work with, he set about cutting instructional supplies from \$10 per student to \$3, throwing more money the teacher's way. Even then he wasn't satisfied that enough had been done. "We're above the average in this area now," he said, "but we'd like to do even better; the time is coming and we're not forgetting that we've got the best darned teachers you can get." No wonder his teachers say, "He's the most terrific personality I've ever met", "... a damned good Joe", and "They don't come any better".

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viewer in 20 minutes than is apt to be known about himself in that many hours. He likes to talk but he listens more often, smoking too much, admitting it, but always lighting another from a borrowed match. He likes a before-dinner drink, doesn't deny it and seems to draw more friends than foes from his frankness. Mrs. Helen McCue, P-TA president, said, "Sure, he's liberal, but he's not stuffy and that's what we like about him." Rivera, still a frontier of a sort, goes for Magee's style of informal human realism that would shock Whittier's staid upper crust. When he painted up a faculty smoking room in coral, chartreuse and cocoa, distributed ash trays liberally and imported a coffee maker, he was thinking about "real-life teachers" who dislike the inconvenience of having to hide in an orange grove for a cigarette or dash their free period to pieces (Whittier fashion) getting to a lunch room three blocks away for a smoke.

When asked how he got the three and a quarter million dollar loan from the State when other communities were continually tied up in red tape, he embarrasses slightly, then casually returns, "Me? I didn't do it. That was the P-TA, and the Property Owners' Association, and the board . . ." and a whole host of other groups that he insists did most of the work. "They were the most cooperative bunch of people I ever knew", and "have so much interest in their own youngsters that I didn't have to do much at all," he says. About the 288-page report that went to the State for the loan? "Oh, I just sort of tied the pages together. That was the P-TA . . ." ad infinitum. About the use of the bug houses (the County's bug cultures that help keep mealy bugs and other pests out of citrus groves) for emergency classrooms that saved the district several thousand dollars? "Why, Smith (Supervisor Smith) just bent over backwards on that—they were sure cooperative." And about the central kitchen for the cafeterias that will save \$15,000-\$17,000 a year for the schools, or the window-less multi-purpose rooms at the new schools that will act as cafeteria-auditorium, etc. the building idea that saved enough money to put in a complete air-conditioning system and is being imitated in school construction all over this area? He doesn't remember just whose ideas they were, but admits, "They were darned good ones."

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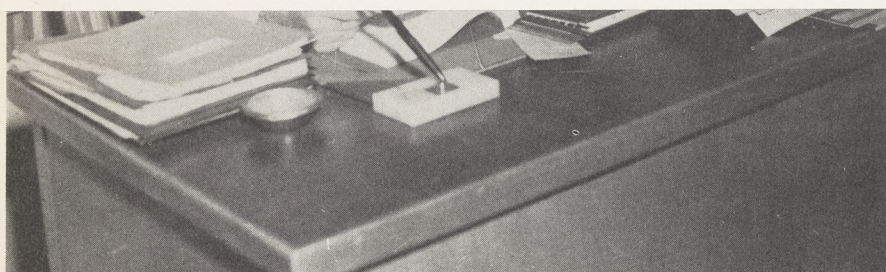
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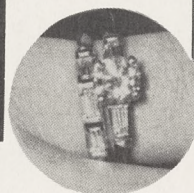
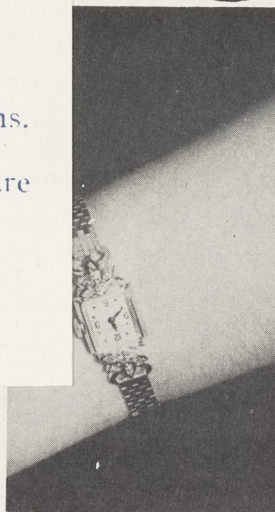
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Magee and his wife, Vicky, at home.

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LOSEE

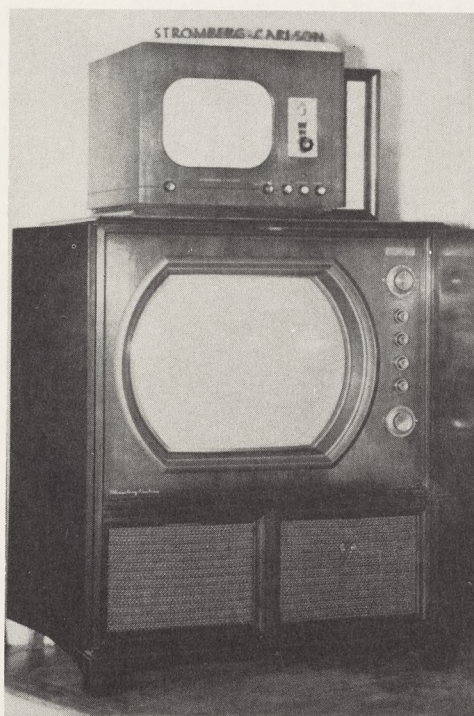


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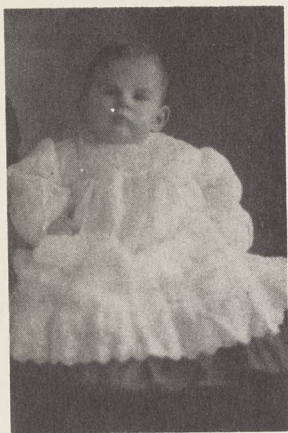
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entertainment
with giant
24" screen!

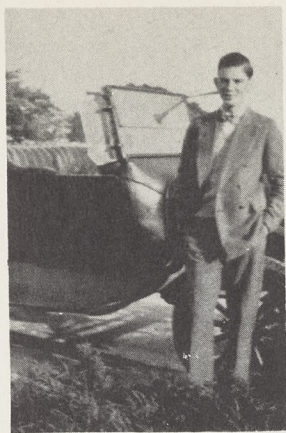
Its giant 24" screen and 356 sq. in. of viewing area contrast impressively with (above) the 1949 model, with a 10" screen and 52 sq. in. of picture.

You're invited to see this television titan

WHITTIER RADIO & TELEVISION
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WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA



at 4½ months . . .



14 and first jolopy . . .

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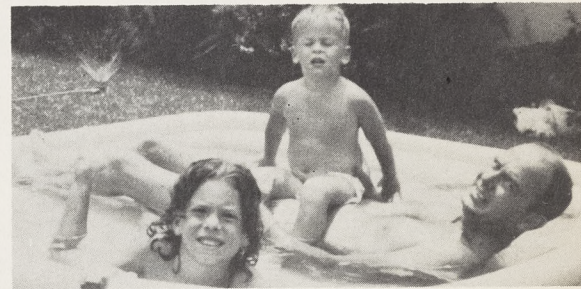
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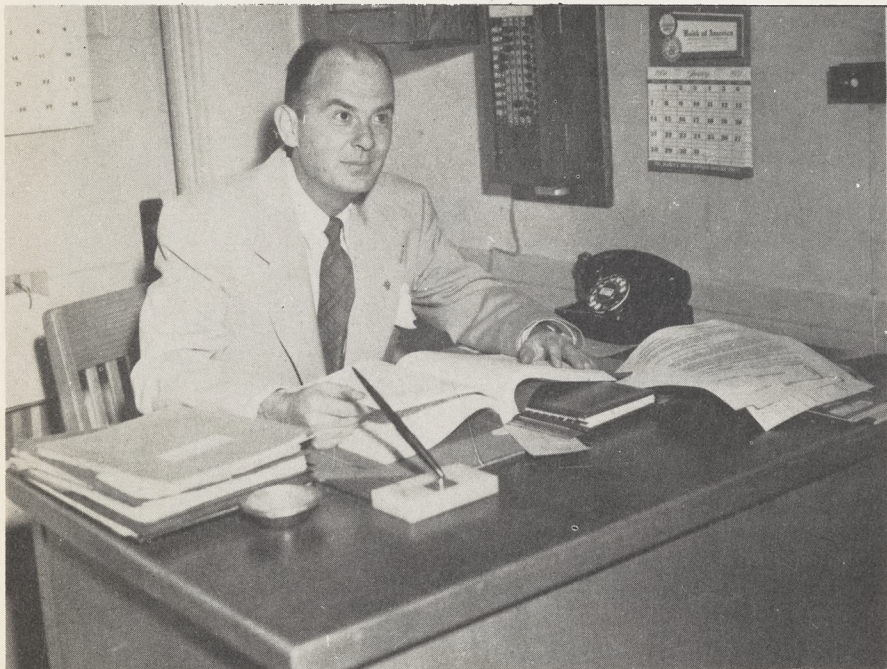
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their own rate of speed. Teachers pick the colors for their rooms because Magee figures "they're the ones who'll be using them all year. Besides, they enjoy it; why shouldn't they?" And so there are grey rooms, blue rooms, green rooms, and the only exception Magee made to color selection was the gaudy principal's office that he planned himself. For Principal Klenn Palmer's office he decided he wanted to see how coral on one wall, chartreuse on another and cocoa on two more would look. Palmer says "it stinks"; Lyman Tubbs, the head custodian says that's only because they put the coral on the wrong wall. And Magee admits that he's no interior decorator.



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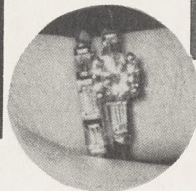
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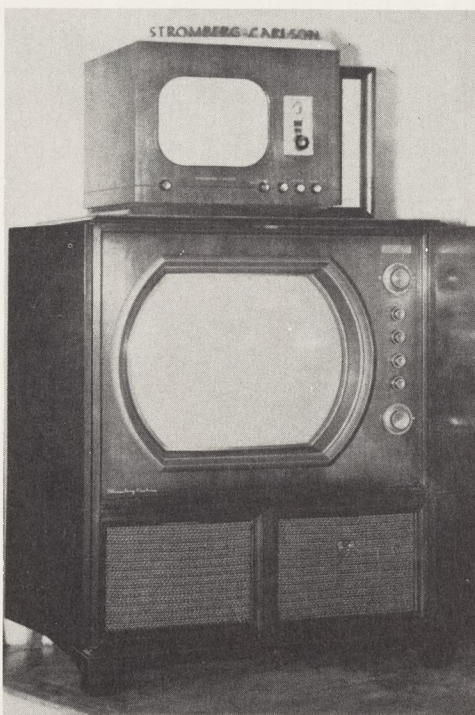


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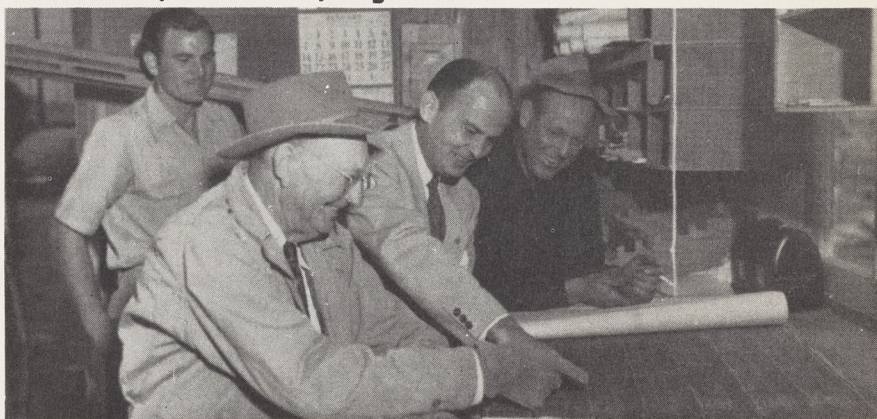
visits with workers on the job as though he had known them a life time. He ribs them for laying off, fouling up, missing the Santa present he'd brought them the Friday before Christmas. And they holler across the road, "Hey, Larry, how 'bout pitchin' in here." He momentarily shocked the inspector on the Serapis job when he came up with one of his ever-ready practical jokes, introducing this reporter as the State Building Inspector who'd come to "raise the devil with the job."

If Magee has resentments of those who have opposed him, he keeps them deep within. He has no hard feelings about the San Gabriel deal, though admits "it was damned discouraging; maybe a little dirty." Since then the San Gabriel board has written one of his finest recommendations; the superintendent has gone to other hunting grounds and his old faculty associates presented him with a letter of sympathetic backing despite the ordeal. The Rivera board's investigation of the matter resulted in a clean bill of goods and the "job of my life".

At first the new job didn't look so tough. There were only 300 students in the district and one school. But, by September of that first year, Magee was swivelling dizzily in his tiny office, running his fingers through his thinning hair and gasping "my god!" every time he thought of the impossible situation of the small ranch community that over-night was sub-dividing, tracting, building its way into one of the fastest-growing suburb projects in the Los Angeles area. For Rivera was poverty-stricken, bonded to capacity, and desperately in need of two immediate schools for its growing population. Already classes were on double schedule, kindergarten was held in the Women's Clubhouse, and the State had rejected a plea for even "just one more classroom".



In faculty smoking room Magee relaxes with Felix Bohan, Glenn Palmer (principal), Jane Schuyler, John Jackson, Lyman Tubbs (custodian), Jack Gilbert, Marie Giere, Virgil Smith.



In construction shack where L. T. Magee school is going up, Magee confers with Jim Higginbotham, Andy Jensen (superintendent), and Les Gibson (foreman).

Then Magee started at the bottom—hopefully at first, but with diminishing optimism as each gate closed in front of him. The citizens had already—and voluntarily—increased their own tax load; the year before had seen a final voluntarily—increased their own tax load; the year before had seen a final maximum bonding—\$82,000—that had added only four new classrooms. What the district needed was a whole new school. But that would cost a million dollars—nearly 90 percent of the district's total assessed evaluation. The situation was impossible; it was fantastic. Magee couldn't even be assured that he would be able to seat the first slight increase in the fall; yet, within a year the school enrollment was apt to double; and there weren't enough funds to add even one more classroom. Houses were going up by the hour, families moving in, more children coming to school.

(In the next issue of THE PICTORIAL read how Larry Magee got a three and one quarter million dollar loan from the State—a loan that was to build four or five more schools themselves valued at more than 75 per cent of the total wealth of the district; how he turned county insectories into schoolhouses with \$1200; how he came to have a school named after him; how he managed a school population that increased 400 percent within two years, a budget that grew from \$50,000 a year to a quarter of a million. See how he is planning for another 400 percent increase; his "ace in the hole" for taxes that will turn Rivera into a well-to-do district.)



Jan. 30 -- Bloodmobile Day!

January 30 you will have another chance to do something for the fighting men in Korea, to do **something** important to prepare your country for the worst that the future may hold, to prepare your community for any sudden emergency. You can be among those who donate a pint of blood.

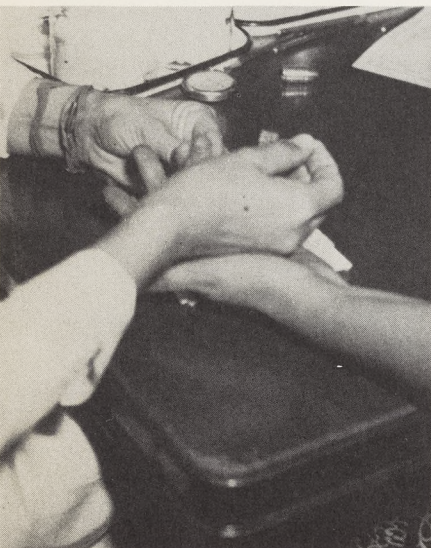
Your pint alone may save a life. It will, at any rate, help save a life somewhere, someday. The Red Cross says "we usually get about 200 pints from Whittier"—a community of 26,000 souls. This time, in the face of the awful emergency confronting us, "we are going to try to get more than that."

If you think it is your turn to give, phone the Red Cross and make an appointment—and then **keep it!** The Bloodmobile will be at the Plymouth Congregational church from 3 to 7 p.m. Tuesday, January 30. Donors will be served refreshments after giving their pint.

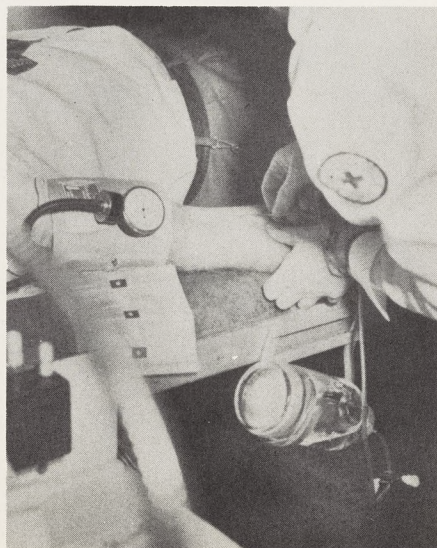
And "groups" of donors (any 10 or more persons may constitute a "group") are wanted especially. Most of the photographs on this page were taken October 12 when a group of some 75 Modine workers visited the Bloodmobile en masse. More such groups would be enthusiastically welcomed January 30 at the Congregational church.



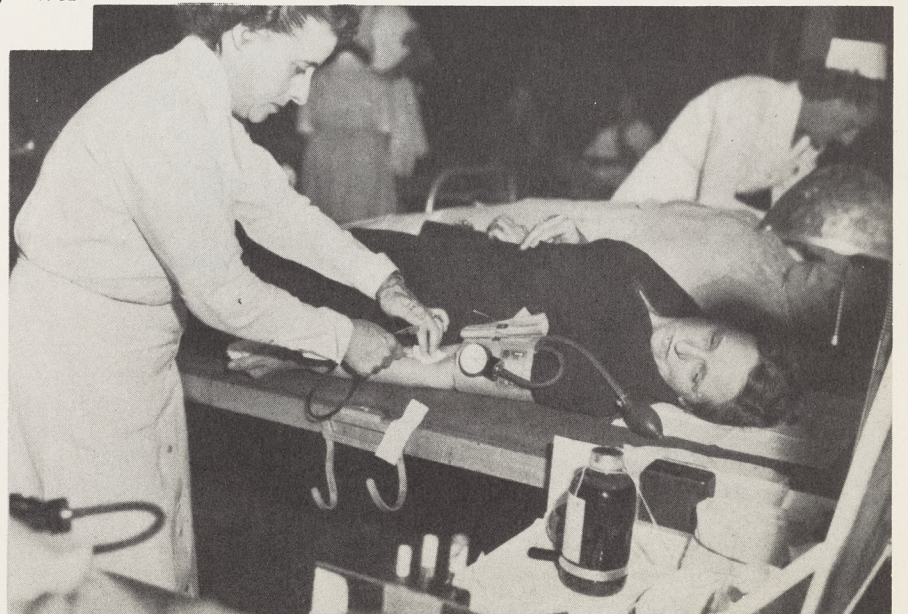
Routine checkup comes first.



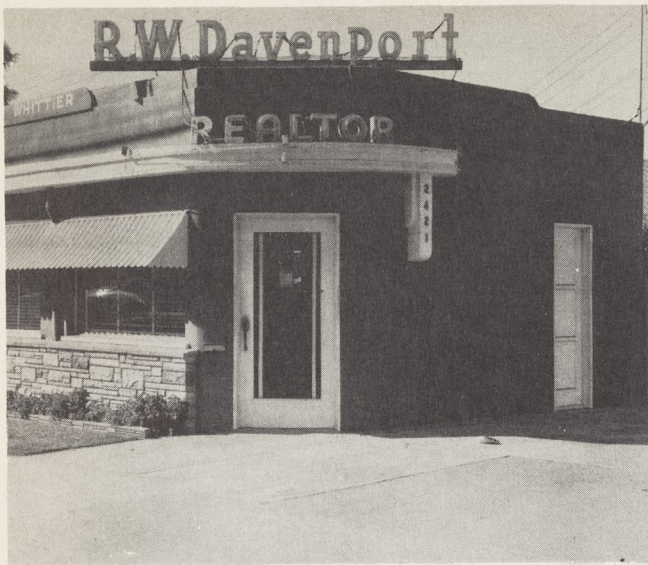
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Murphy Hospital Gets More Space

When Colonel Simon J. Murphy donated Murphy Memorial hospital to the city of Whittier (population, about 10,000) in 1921, it was the first truly modern hospital the community ever had. With the passing years, the hospital has remained a splendid institution of high efficiency, but tripling the population without correspondingly enlarging the hospital taxed its facilities to the utmost.

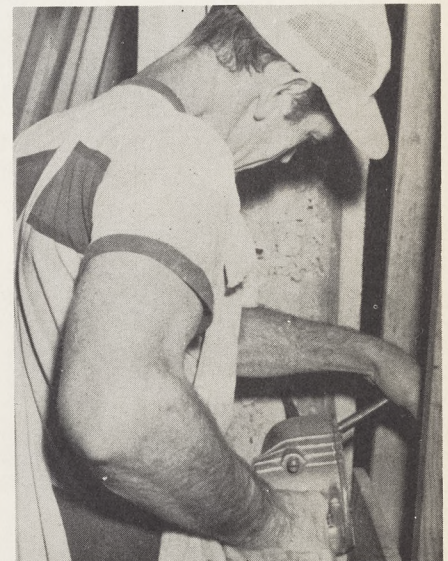
So a \$350,000 expansion project was planned and work started last spring. New construction will make possible the addition of 40 or more beds, to bring Murphy's total to nearly 100. There will be four operating rooms, including one for minor surgery and one emergency room, new quarters for surgeons and nurses, new kitchen facilities to make possible the feeding of 1,000 if necessary.

According to Mrs. Florence Willoughby, hospital superintendent, the new wing, to cover 8,631 square feet, will be as nearly earthquake proof and fire proof as possible. Completion of the wing will permit a considerable area of the hospital now furnishing those services to be converted to patients' quarters.



Hubman and Donald Dickerson, hospital engineer, discuss problem. New wing is in background with surgery at left and kitchen at right.

+



John Schrieber, carpenter, works on new wing framework.

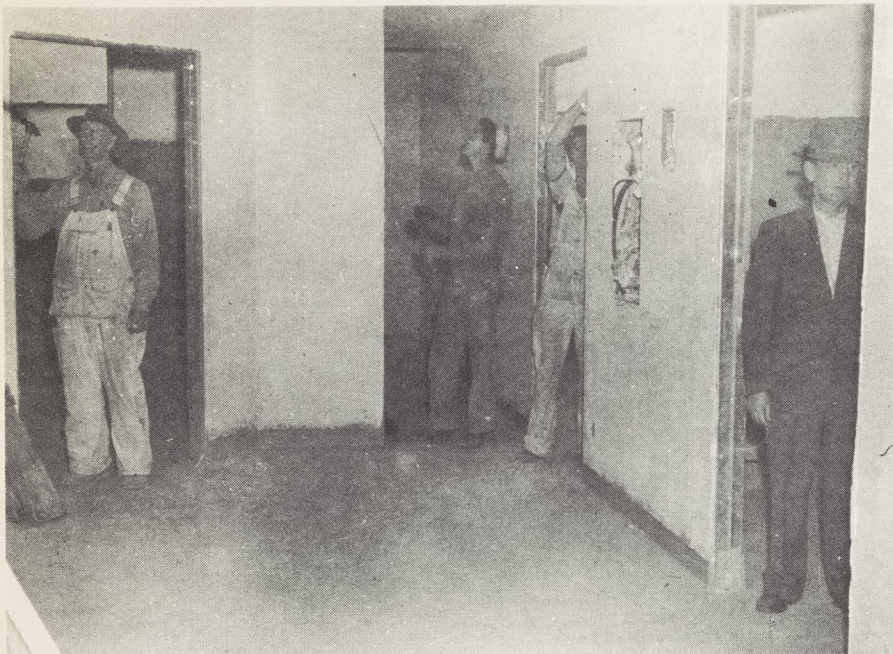
J. R. Herring, left, and Harold Clopton, prepare to drill through wall to join new wing to old structure.

Cor
win
Lar
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Jack
For

Hu

ets New Wing,



Construction men at doorways to important rooms in east end of new wing: Ed Herring, superintendent, left, at major surgery room; Woody Lantry, scrub-up room; John S. Schrieber, major surgery; and Jim Hubman, inspector, minor surgery.



Jack Bell, L. A. Valentine at wall which will house water sterilizers. Forms hold openings for two autoclaves.



Hubman inspects maze of kitchen equipment soon to be installed.

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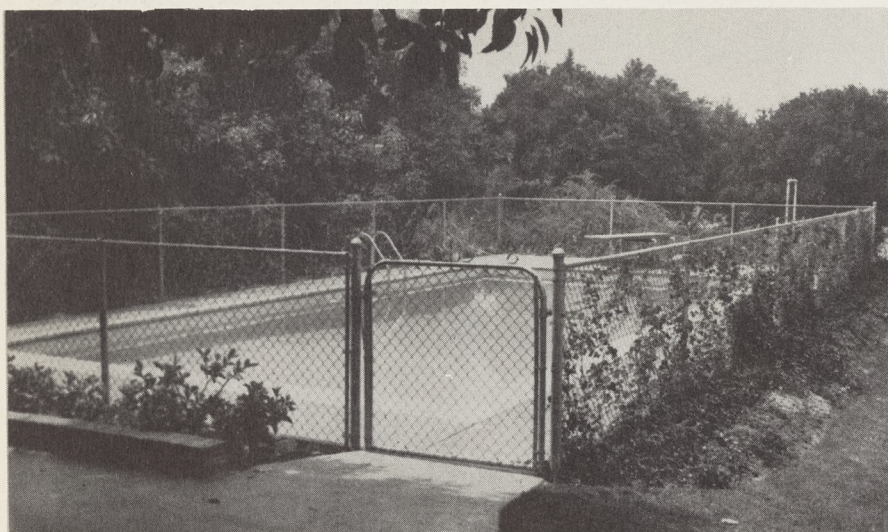
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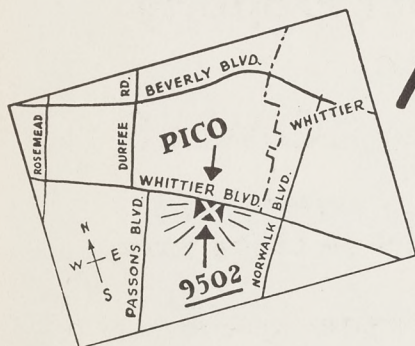


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Twenty-Eight Toes To



Front paws are practically split and white cat can use inner half-paw almost like a thumb.

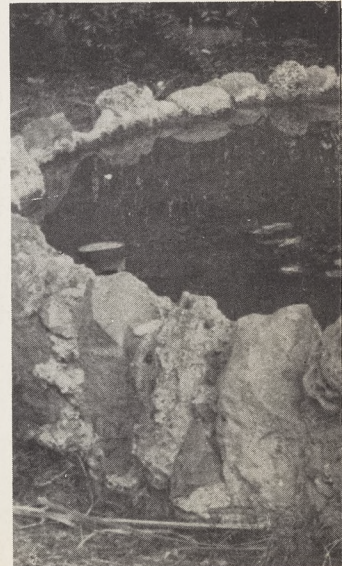
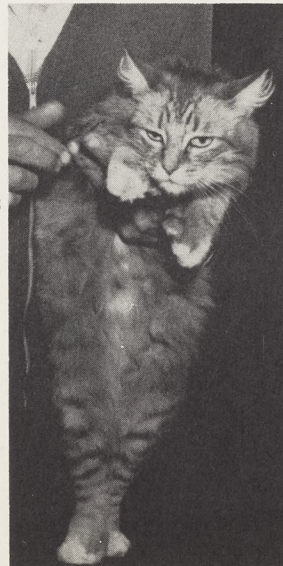
"Oh, my goodness," exclaimed Mrs. William Harnach, 12536 E. Adler Dr., "if you think this *seven-toed* cat is so strange, you should go see Mr. Strandberg's cats. They *all* have too many toes!" An anonymous tip had sent THE PICTORIAL photographer scurrying to Mrs. Harnach's to see her cat which has 28 toes—seven to each foot. So then he called on Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Strandberg, 12912 E. Beverly Dr.

He found Mr. Strandberg among his cats (six of them) all but one of which was an anatomical oddity. A giant black tom weighing 14 pounds was perfectly normal. A white cat had two paws that were normal and two which sported six toes each. The other four cats each had six toes on each of their feet, or 24 toes and claws per cat. Fortunately they are all of an amiable disposition.

"Our cats have about two litters a year," Mr. Strandberg explained. "Almost all of the kittens have too many toes. It must be a strain carried by the mother, because the fathers seem to be any stray tomcats which come along." They are all active animals, normal as most cats, and have no eccentricities except that they do not like young men in Hopalong Cassidy suits. This, said Mr. Strandberg, might be due to the habit of a young man in the neighborhood who, when he dons his Hoppy suit, sometimes mistakes the Strandberg cats for mavericks and takes out after them.

The Strandbergs feed their pets prepared cat food at a total cost of about 25 cents a day, and they would be glad to give some of them away. All are good mousers, they say.

Matriarch of clan is Rusty who has six toes per foot and is pretty mad about it.



o a Tomcat



Mrs. Harnach's cat has seven toes on each paw.



Sure, six toes per paw—count 'em!



Tiger peers for fish, once jumped in after goldfish, came out sputtering, didn't visit fish pond for weeks.

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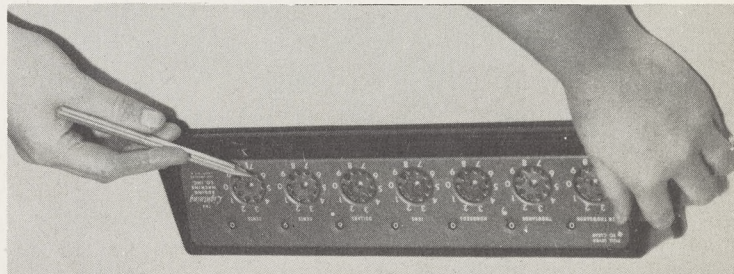
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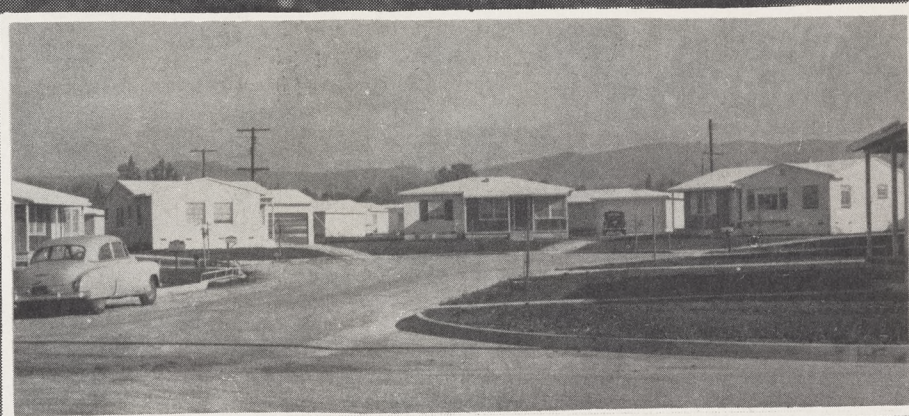
The Lightning is another one of the many novel office-supply and gift items at Stuart's.

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Greenleaf Park Grows Up

Aerial Photograph by Mel Aldrich

This birds-eye view of Greenleaf Park shows how that area, just south of the Boulevard, looked October 1 to the lens of Whittier's aerial cameraman, Mel Aldrich. A 20 minute drive over the smoothly paved streets of Greenleaf Park will impress upon you the difference a few months of building make to this booming region.

Whittier Blvd. crosses the picture, east to west, at the top, with the Urich-Gibbs Mercury establishment at the upper left corner and S. Greenleaf coming down along the left edge of the photo. The area under construction in the center is Greenleaf Park, bounded by Lambert Rd., left to right in lower center.

The small circle in the center of Greenleaf Park is the extension of Shoemaker Ave., and the inset photographs shows how it looks today, with the houses rimming it complete and occupied.

Hot Rodding, or How to Get 210 Out of Your Auto

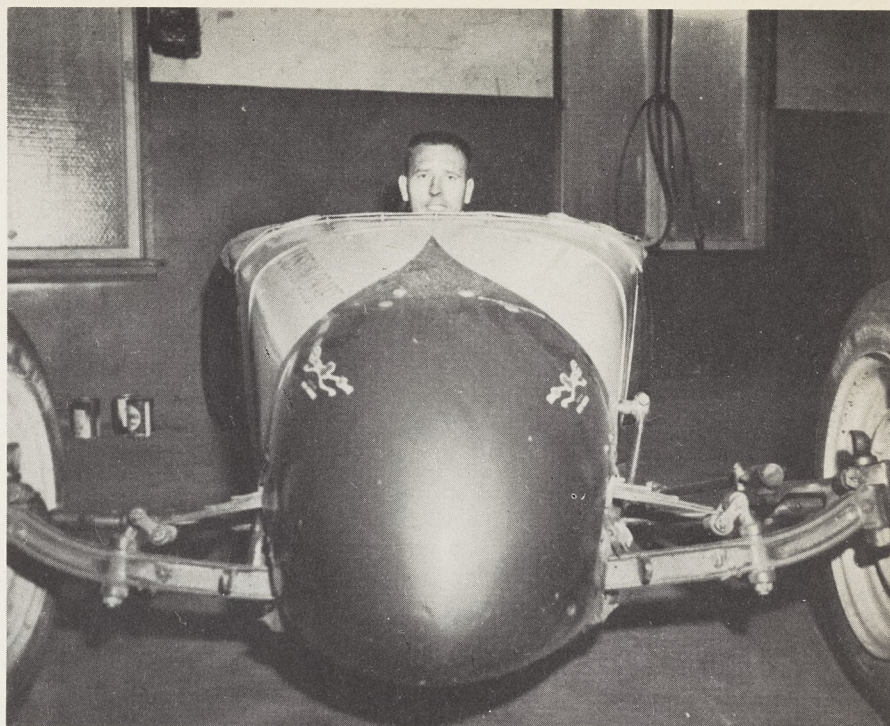
Soup up the family chariot to three times its rated horsepower, add about a hundred miles an hour to its cruising speed, substitute rocket fuel for gasoline and you're all set for a spin in a "hot rod." If you hesitate to open 'er up, call in Akton Miller, of Miller Brothers Automotive Repair, 545 S. Greenleaf, who is as hot a hot rodder as you'll find in Southern California. In fact, he is one of four from this area good enough to receive an invitation to compete at the Daytona Beach, Fla., Speed Trials, February 4-11. He will load his newest dream onto a trailer and take off for that course January 27.

Others from this area invited to the Florida meet include Alex Xydas, Glendale, owner of the fastest hot rod in the world, which has been clocked at 210.876 miles an hour; Earl Evans, Whittier, who can do 175 in his Lakester; and Bill Kenz, who has approached 210 in his "C-Streamliner."

These four pilots race three types of hot rods. Miller drives a rear-engine "Class C. Modified Roadster," which means a stock roadster body which cannot be altered for streamlining without putting the vehicle in another class. Miller's current racer, therefore, is Model T in back, Buck Rogers in front, and apparently modified Thunderjet underneath. Evans' vehicle is a Lakester, so named because the type is used in speed tests on California's dry lake beds. The chassis may be a 365-gallon drop tank, shaped just right for a fast car body, but the wheels can not be covered with streamlining, as they may be in the cars driven by Xydas and Kenz, the "streamliners," the ultimate in hot rod speedsters.

What is a "hot rod"? Webster hasn't gotten around to defining the term, yet, but Ak Miller says: "It is a production auto which is altered by its owner to increase its performance and handling characteristics." And altered these hot rods certainly are.

Hot rods are the result of two things: the cheap and plentiful jalopies with which this nation is cursed (or blessed), and the American boy's penchant for tinkering with anything mechanical—especially with a gasoline engine—to

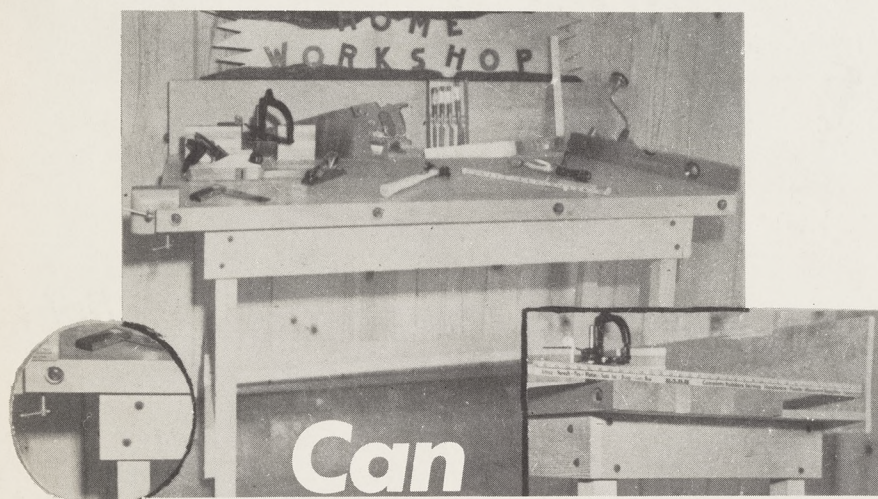


Ak Miller sits just off ground with only head protruding from cockpit of hot rod racer he is taking to Daytona Beach.

make it noisier or faster or more efficient or just more weird. Our stock autos are mass produced. To make cars cheap (and to sell a lot of them) manufacturers cut many a corner and turn out an average-quality, average-performance vehicle which leaves plenty of room for the refinements a mechanically minded tinkerer can devise. And hot rodders can tinker like anything.

The things they can do to a reciprocating engine would be considered impossible by many automobile engineers. They would scoff at any attempt to increase the horsepower of the family auto from 100 to 240—a feat which hot rod magicians do regularly. Jack up the speed from 90 to 210 miles an hour? Ridiculous! But the boys do it. In order to achieve such transformations, they take one part from this car, another from that, try this, test something else, listen to no "experts," and turn out mechanical miracles. They take down a production-line auto, work it over part by part, and hand finish it to perfection.

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The car Ak Miller is taking to the sea-hardened sands of Daytona Beach started out as a Model T. The "body" and "tail" together could be bought possibly for a \$10 bill. But the rest of the 1,172 pound car is worth many times that in actual value and in the labor, ingenuity, faith and skill which went into it. Whether it was worthwhile depends upon its performance on the fast Florida speedway. The Miller auto is backed by the Southern California Timing Association of which Ak, a charter member, was president in 1947, '48 and '50, and by the Salube Motor Oil company.

Most vital and costly part of the racer of course, is the engine, built by Nelson Taylor and John Ryan of the Taylor Engine Rebuilding company, in a shop adjoining the Miller establishment. The power plant is a "modified Mercury", with the original horsepower boosted to 240 at 5,000 rpm, and the speed which it will drive the auto has been raised to about 160 miles an hour. Ak has already driven the car 158 with a lesser engine.

Modified Mercury

"You ought to emphasize that such racers are production models with standard materials refined with a little ingenuity," Ak said. "These cars would take vaunted European models like a Jaguar and leave them like they were standing still. Thousands of kids all over the country have learned how to modify these cars. They've tried everything. Even professional auto engineers are learning from hot rodders how to make better engines, and hot rod developments are now used in Cadillacs and other high performance autos."

Much of the engine used in Ak's racer is, as the name implies, a Mercury, but parts from Fords and other makes are used in it. The cam shaft is modified from a V-8 1932 cam shaft because that year Ford made them of steel instead of casting them. The crank shaft is especially machined and polished, and various other parts are hand-tooled to a new perfection and, in some cases, basically altered.

One of the features of hot rods is the tricky fuel concoctions devised to power them. Methane alcohol is the basic fuel, and it is flavored with nitro-methane, hydrogen peroxide (the rocket propellant), or other ingredients, whomped up by imaginative hot rodders. The fuel weighs nine pounds to the gallon and the racer gets two miles to the gallon. Three Ford carburetors gulp air and ram it into the fuel which feeds the cylinders, each carburetor taking care of its own firing chambers. One carburetor couldn't handle the required amount of air, but hot rodders have tried two, four, or more and Ak Miller and his colleagues finally settled on three.

Watch the Wild Wind

How does it feel to be cruising at better than 150 miles an hour in a converted Model T?

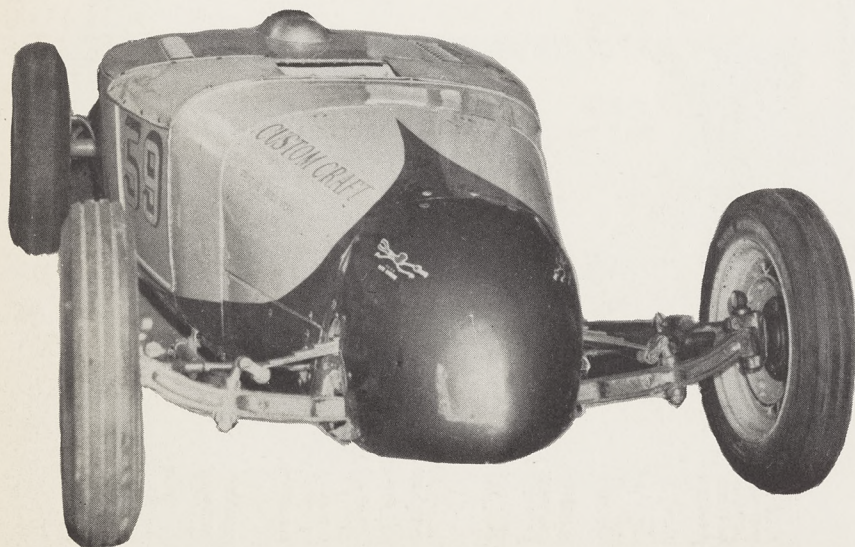
"Man, you're just flyin'," says Ak, that dreamy hot rod look glistening in his eye. "There are no bumps, nothing but a smooth glide and the heat and vibration on your back from the engine behind you."

The racer has springs in front, but none in back because at high speeds you don't need springs there.

"You must keep your chin in so the wind doesn't go up your nose, and keep your lips buttoned," Ak went on. "Don't turn your head because the wind will hammer in under your helmet and almost break an ear drum—just keep your head straight and low and enjoy your flight."

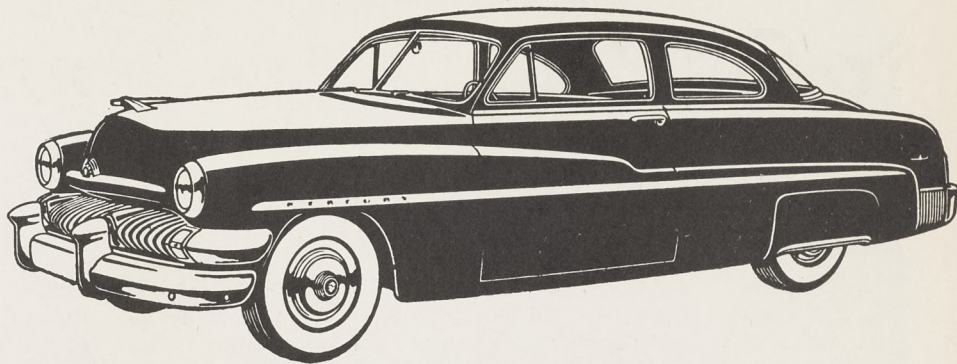
Ak is a true hot rodder. The only drawback to his newest job is that it isn't fast enough. With local aeronautics engineer Art Ford, he has designed and plans to build a radically new type of hot rod. It will weigh only 150 pounds or so in front and wind pressure will hold it on the road. But no one who has caught a whiff of hot rod enthusiasm would predict that he will be satisfied with that. His autos must be faster and still faster, and they doubtless will be.

In a mechanical age we can be thankful that thousands upon thousands of young men like Ak Miller, Nelson Taylor, John Ryan and their sort can be counted upon to keep America hot rodding ahead, barrelling down the highway of mechanical perfection a good tank of methane alcohol ahead of any other nation in the world.



Racer is barely more than knee high. Bulb is air intake for three carburetors and insignia on front is SCTA Road Runner design.

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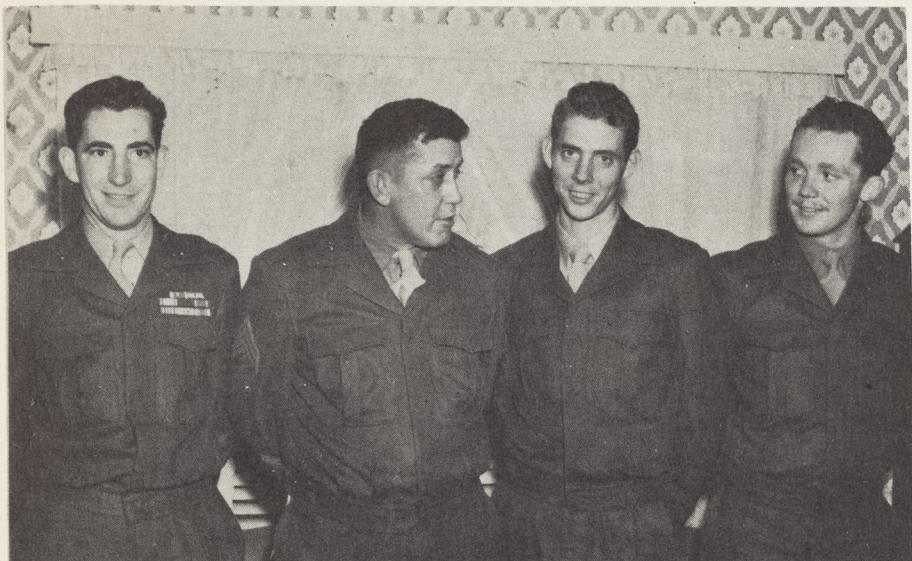
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Marines' Families Hold Informal Reunion



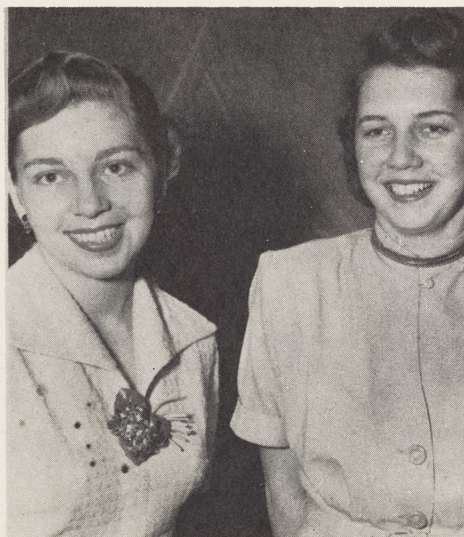
Cpl. John Roger Dunlap, Sgt. Frank Renfro, both of Pico, and Pfc. David Combs, Pfc. John Dougherty, both of east L. A., attended reunion.



So did, first row, l. to r., John N. Miesen, father of marines John A. and Richard G. Miesen; Mrs. Margaret Dahlen, Mrs. R. Mason, Mrs. Elizabeth Miesen, Mrs. Dora Barnes, Orval Barnes; second row: Rod Mason, Frank Burkhardt, Charles Pitner, Mrs. Beulah Pitner, Mrs. C. J. Still, and Mrs. R. E. Smith.



Mrs. Robert B. Newton, whose husband, Charley battery machinegunner, suffered brain concussion from mortar blast and is in Camp Pendleton hospital.



Mrs. Don Mason, left, was married just a week when husband shipped out; Mrs. Bill Liermann, right, had been married two years.

In mid-summer, Charley battery of the marine reserves suddenly was called to active duty and its members, from Pico, Whittier and other nearby communities, rallying to the call of their country and of the United Nations, shipped out for a new war, this time in far-off Korea.

None of the marines have returned to their homes as yet; except those wounded in battle, those who contracted incapacitating diseases, or who were called home by grave domestic emergencies.

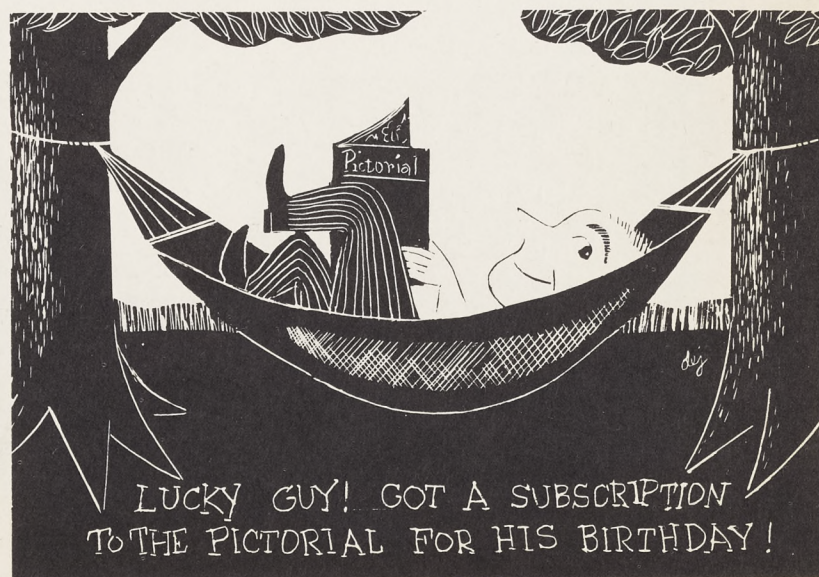
It has been a long time for wives to be without their husbands, for fathers and mothers to be without their sons, for young people to be without their brothers. It has been a lonesome, and occasionally a fearsome time for all of them. And worst of all is the uncertainty, the never-knowing when the rest of Charley battery, those who did not fall in the snow-bound wilderness of Korea during the fight to keep men free—when the rest of these men will finally come home, to gather up again the threads of their "normal" peacetime lives.

Partly because there is a feeling of akin-ship among those left behind, just as there is of comrade-ship among the men under arms, a "reunion" was held Thursday, January 11, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Newton, 11485 E. Aldrich.

Present were four returned marines, three of them vets of Korea, and about 60 or more wives, family members, friends and other relatives of the men in service. One of the veterans spoke briefly of the current war. Guests became acquainted with relatives of their servicemen's comrades. There was much gossip, a great deal of laughter, and, underneath it all, a good fellowship and sense of pride in their privileged role in these parlous times.



Foreground: Bobbie Lister, Lena Persi; second row, Mrs. Sarene Somers, Mrs. Rhea Somers, A. W. Newton, sr., Mrs. A. W. Newton, sr., Mrs. Lorene Perry, wife of Capt. Frank D. Perry, C. O. of Charley battery; Mrs. Maude Mason.



LUCKY GUY! GOT A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PICTORIAL FOR HIS BIRTHDAY!



China painting class is taught by Mrs. Hazel F. Wiggins whose new book, "How to Paint on China" is first text on subject in many years. Here are students Mrs. Margaret Kenworthy, Mrs. Thelma Carter, Mrs. Susan Wright.



Mrs. Robert G. Knowles, left, instructs Mrs. James Rogers and Mrs. John Hales in lampshade making. Shade with Mrs. Knowles was made by Mrs. Mary Adams and was on Magazine of Week television show January 14. Mrs. Knowles is filling in as instructor for Hillman O. Anderson, temporarily absent due to illness.

Biggest Little \$ Worth

In these days when a dollar is worth less than fifty cents, and increased taxes eat up a large portion of the remaining four-bit piece, an honest-to-goodness bargain is much sought after.

Everett Jordan, Principal of the Whittier School of Adult Education, believes he has the biggest one dollar bargain in the community.

For the small one dollar tuition fee, Jordan or his staff will enroll you for the second semester in one or more of the school's 120 classes, which will range from advanced first aid for atomic attack, welding, sewing and driver education, to American history, Spanish or typing.

During semester one, from September 11 to January 29, 2,650 students were enrolled in classes conducted on the Whittier high school campus as well as at outlying districts such as Pico, East Whittier, Los Nietos, and Ranchito.

Under the expert supervision of Principal Jordan and his predecessors the institution has made tremendous growth since its organization as a night school on October 18, 1926. A total of 712 enrolled the first year classes were held, of which 404 completed the year in the school's 12 course curriculum.

The present program is broken down into 12 divisions such as Americanization, commercial education, general education, health education, homemaking education, practical arts, science and mathematics, industrial and vocational training, parent education, family life education and the popular adult forum series.

A versatile faculty has been secured from many fields. Of the 53 regular faculty members 22 hold BA degrees, nine boast of MA's and two are Ph.D's. In addition to the academically trained instructors, ten are graduates of various trade schools, and ten are specialists recruited from the following: florists shops, Douglas Aircraft corporation, Standard Oil company, United States Department of Agriculture, Warner Brothers studios, Westinghouse Electric company, Union Pacific Railway company, Southern California Edison company, American Red Cross, Layne Bowler corporation, United States army and navy, National Cash Register company.

All courses are open to adults 18 years of age or older, and students under 18 who are not attending day high school.

High school credit may be earned in the adult school and it is possible to arrange a program leading to high school graduation.

Principal Jordan will gladly assist any prospective students in educational counseling and guidance. He is available at the adult office, located in the administration building of Whittier high school, 610 W. Philadelphia St. Daily office hours are 8:00 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. and 6:00 p. m. to 9:45 p. m. except Friday evening. The office telephone number is OXford 4-2668.



John Wussick makes oak bookcase in woodworking class.



Typing Class is always popular.

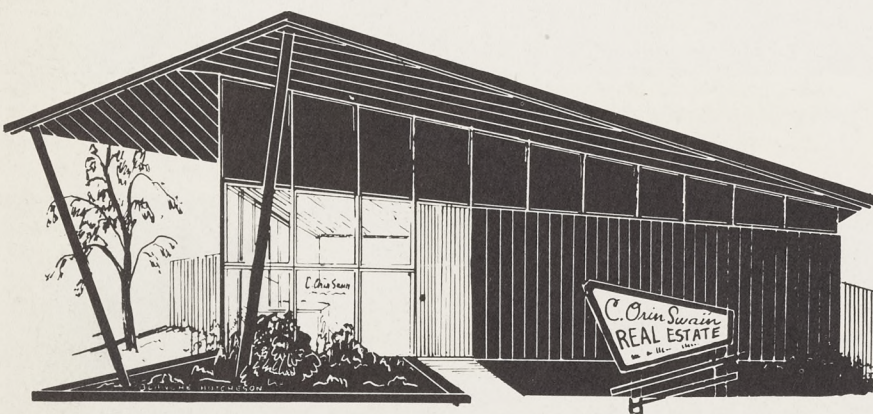


Jim Woodruff in leatherworking makes radio case.



Sycamores, before Michael K. Hertel home, were planted three years ago, grow six feet a year

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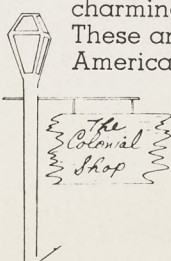
Subdivision Property



the *Warmth* of Early American

is very much in evidence here. The pair of Governor Bradford chairs, in solid Eastern birch, flanks a knick-knack lamp table. These are versatile chairs—used by host and hostess in the dining room and also as living room fireside chairs, and, of course, charming in a sunlit bay window.

These and many other pieces that capture the hospitality of Early American styles are on display at the Colonial Shop.



The Colonial Shop

1416 West Whittier Boulevard (Whittier Theater Building) OXford 4-3584

home + hearth

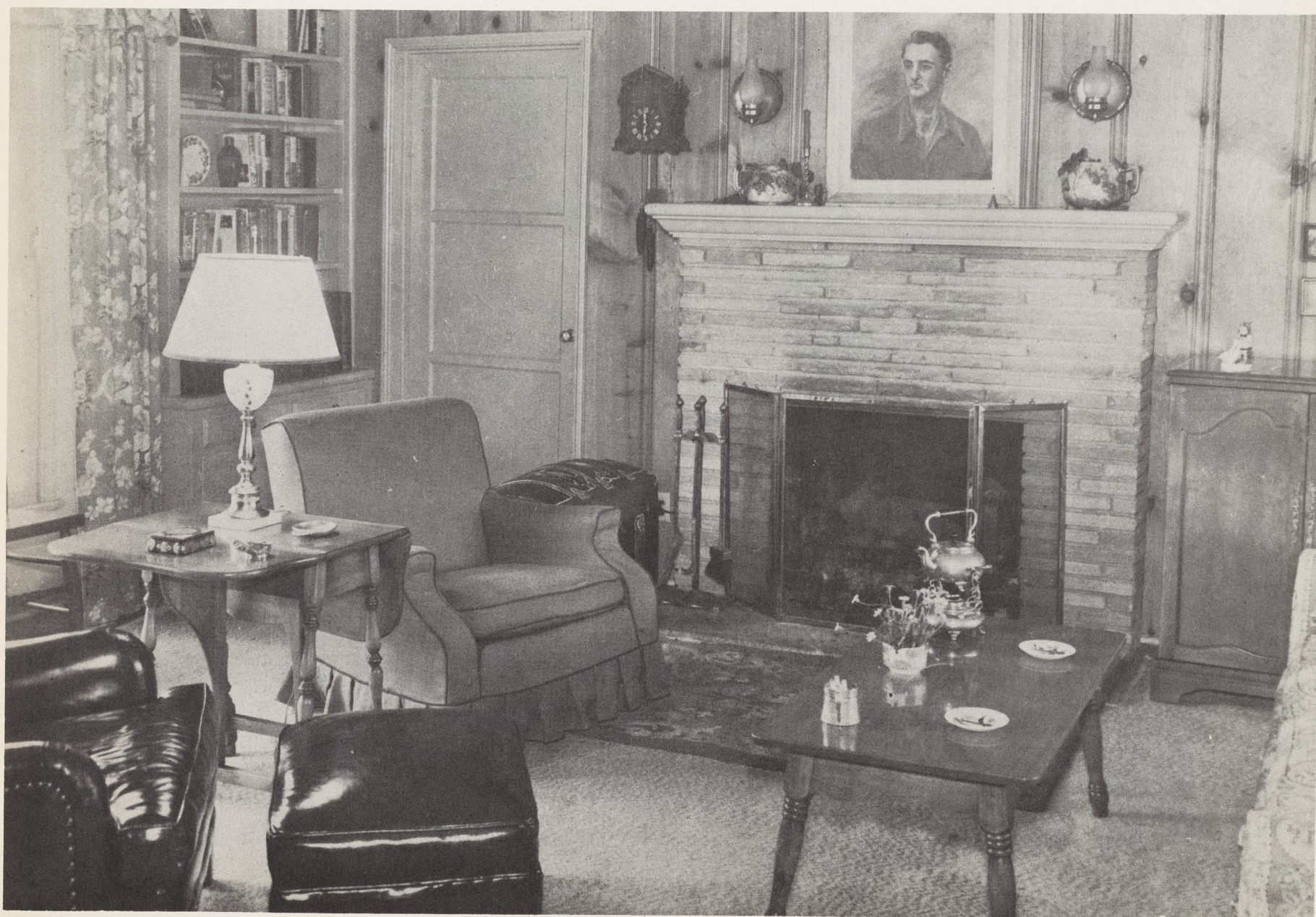
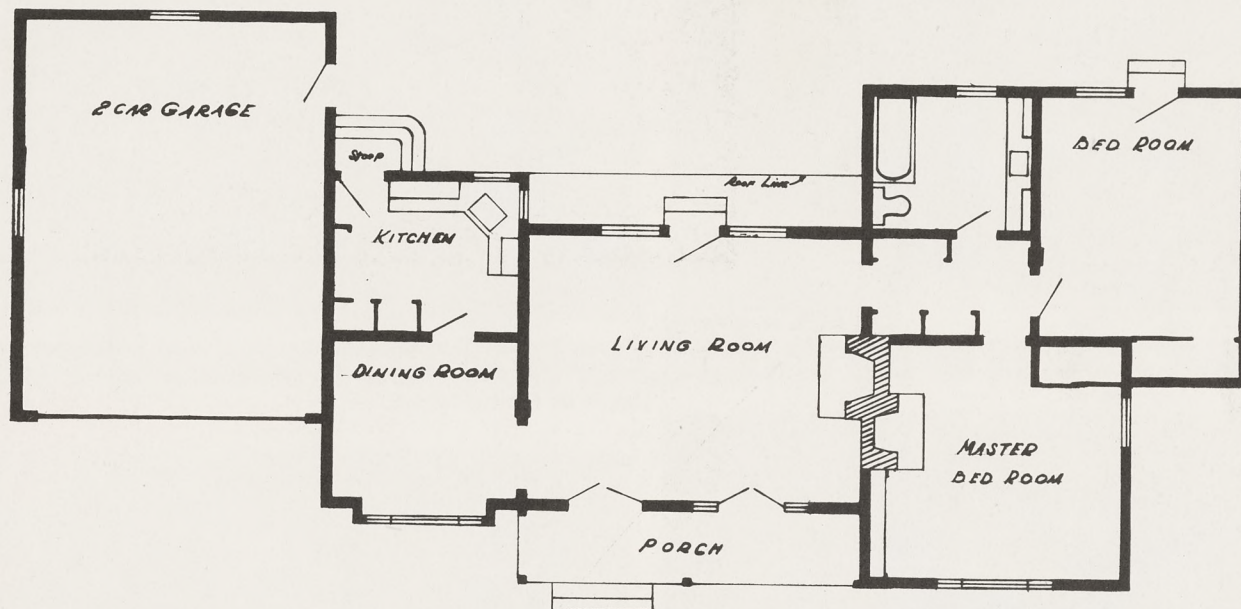
The home which Mr. and Mrs. Michael K. Hertel designed and built at 8209 S. Orange Ave., Rivera, five years ago, has become as *lived in* as any house THE PICTORIAL has done. The Hertels include, besides Mr. and Mrs., Johnny, who is 6 1/2, Martha, 3 1/2, and Russel (with one "1"), nicknamed Rusty, who is 2 1/2, and Boy, a fine old springer spaniel who, Mr. Hertel gravely insists, "adds class" to the house. Everything in the house is designed for

comfortable family life. The rugs in the living room were especially selected to show a minimum of child-wear, one of the easy chairs is covered with a shiny, red leather, and the Early American furniture, originally intended to be mahogany, now is maple "because it doesn't show the scratches so much," Mrs. Hertel explains.

A painter of some ability, Mrs. Hertel's oils add warmth and personality to the living room and children's bedroom, and she and Mr. Hertel did much of the interior decorating.

The open plan house sits a little to the north side of the near-acre of land composing the property. It has 1,250 square feet of floor space, divided into five rooms and a bath, and the house cost just under \$10,000. Mr. Hertel helped a lot with the construction and did most of the painting, inside and out. He is a salesman for the Whittier branch of the Auto Club.

Even the bathroom shows a feature of the family planning. There the wash basin is as large as a kitchen sink and is flanked on either side by long, tiled washboards, so the children can be bathed there while small.



Living room is done in red, blue and coral pink. Cuckoo clock was bought in London antique shop by Hertel's brother and portrait over mantel was painted in oils by Mrs. Hertel.



Bookcase, fireplace, highboy feature bedroom. Spread was hand-made by Mrs. Hertel's grandmother. Ceiling, rug are blue, wallpaper is mostly rose print.



Picnic table, plenty of open space, and barbeque pit off photo to right feature walled patio. New elementary school is to be built on land to back of Hertel home.



Dining room walls are coral pink. Philodendron plant is at right and furniture is Early American.

★ ★ ★

THE BORESOME GARDNER OR WHY DOESN'T SHE CHANGE HER HOBBY?

My friend digs in the dirt all day
And sets out little slips and things.
I wish she'd go chase butterflies,
Or start collecting hummingbird wings,
Or buy a binocular and study the stars,
Or even take a trip to Mars —
So she'd have things to talk about
Besides the plants she's just set out.
—BY ELEANOR TOMPKINS



Children's room is yellow and blue. Mrs. Hertel painted pictures of Little Boy Blue and Bo Peep over beds. Door opens on Patio.

★ ★ ★

CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY



Ninety-two years ago a three-year-old Iowa girl made the arduous journey across the Great Plains to the Pacific coast in rude oxcart. Early this month, the girl—now Mrs. Emma Barnett—celebrated her 95th birthday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Sullivan, 130 S. Whittier Ave.

Boasting bright blue eyes, snow-white hair and a gorgeous orchid, Mrs. Barnett enjoyed *two* birthday cakes and an avalanche of greetings. She had no particular formula for longevity—"I just plain lived," she said, "and did a lot of work all my life." She still makes her own bed and occasionally dries the dishes, her daughter reported.

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mouth tough syllables in phonetics session; Mrs. Isabelle Mid-

leton is teacher.

Children Learn to Read Differently Now

How did you learn to read? By first memorizing the alphabet, then sounding the letters phonetically, and finally by laboriously tracing out the sounds in one-syllable words? After that was accomplished, weren't you left pretty much on your own, to gain speed and understanding as best you could? All too many have learned the vital process of reading in that dull and haphazard way.

Along with the immense general progress in education in recent years, the process of learning to read has been studied anew, and a different approach has been worked out and adopted by many progressive schools. In the accompanying pictures, taken at Christian Sorensen elementary school on Rose Hedge Drive, the new reading method in use from the first through the sixth grade, is illustrated. Mrs. Lois Berryhill, reading coordinator for the Whittier elementary schools, has general supervision of the program, but the teachers of the various grades are directly responsible for its success.

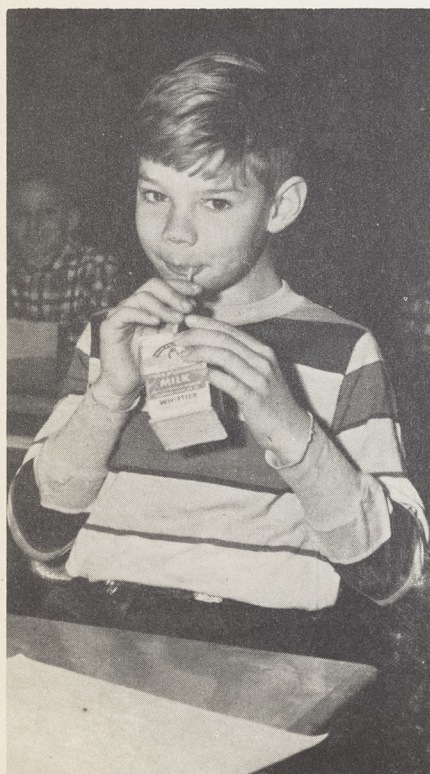
Mrs. Alta Gregory, principal, and Mrs. E. P. Moseley, president of the Sorensen Parent Teachers Association, have lent their full support and the P-TA generally has been an enthusiastic booster ever since the program was explained at P-TA meetings. In some cases, parents have gone through actual instruction periods modeled on those presented to their children.

The reading instruction is designed primarily to help the children become fast, accurate readers and to teach them to absorb as much as possible of what they read.

(Continued on Page 23)



Mrs. Charles Hall's fifth grade students read to others and explain to classmates about their leisure reading. Even adults could follow this course of instruction with benefit.



Three groups are busy in third grade—at phonics, reading aloud, and painting. First though, there are refreshments, left, and then right, comes art. Teacher is Mrs. Frances Ervin.





Bookcase, fireplace, highboy feature bedroom. Spread was hand-made by Mrs. Hertel's grandmother. Ceiling, rug are blue, wallpaper is mostly rose print.



Dining room walls are coral pink. Philodendron plant is at right and furniture is Early American.

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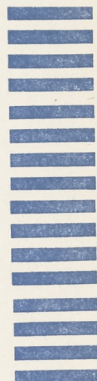
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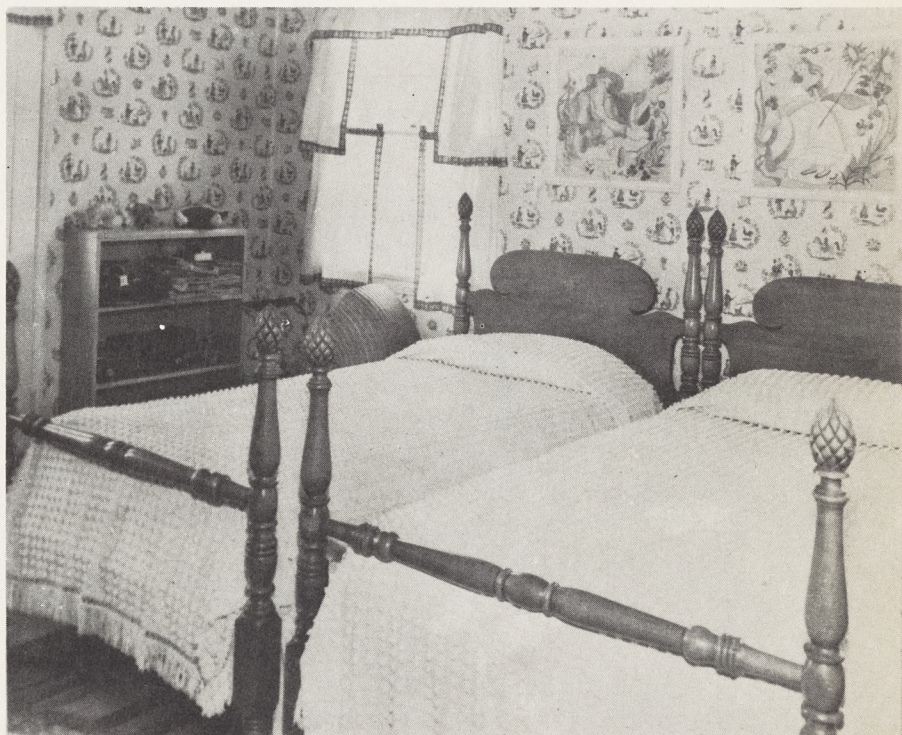
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Picnic table, plenty of open space, and barbeque pit off photo to right feature walled patio. New elementary school is to be built on land to back of Hertel home.



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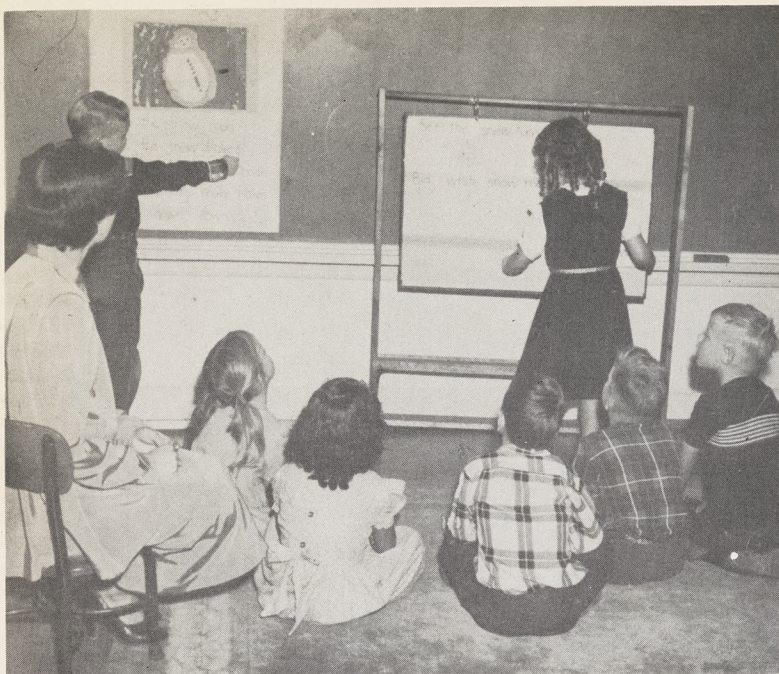
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First graders "write" a story with help from Teacher.



Second graders mouth tough syllables in phonetics session; Mrs. Isabelle Middleton is teacher.

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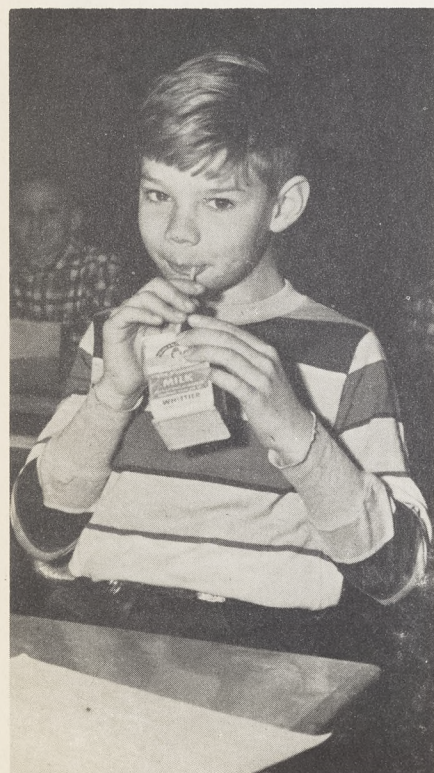
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Dear Boys and Girls



Have you ever made friends with Mr. "Snowman?" Tim and Tess Miller had never even seen snow until last week when they took a trip up to Buckhorn Flat. At least, they started a trip up to Buckhorn Flat.

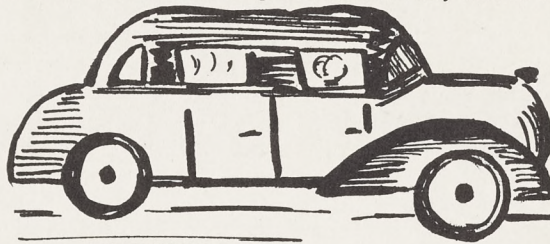
The children had some pretty funny ideas about what snow was really like. Tim wanted to take his Lincoln Log set and build a cabin in the snow, and Tess intended to take her big baby doll along.

You see . . . they didn't realize that besides being white and fluffy, snow is also cold and wet. You just don't sit in the snow and quietly work with small pieces of wood. And you certainly don't carry around a big beautiful, silk-dressed doll. Where would you set her down? She would freeeeeeeze.

You do big things, fast things in the snow. You slide down hills on sleds or toboggans. And hike right back up the hill again as quickly as you can. Or you skate, and race around on the ice. No standing around. You build big, fast things like forts and snowmen (snow-ladies are too slow).

Tim and Tess did manage to take plenty of warm clothes. They started out wearing a couple pairs of sweaters, and socks, and their jeans under borrowed ski-pants. And then piled between them in the back seat were extra socks, sweaters, mittens, boots, shoes, scarfs and hats. You should have thought that they were going to the North Pole for six weeks instead of up into the mountains only a few miles from Whittier, California.

Up in the front of the car Mr. and Mrs. Miller had stuff piled between them, too. There were blankets, coats, thermos jugs filled with hot cocoa and soup. Even the trunk of their car was filled with kindling wood in case they needed to build a fire.



HENRIETTA

You can see that the Millers were prepared. What with all of their concern and preparation for themselves . . . they forgot all about Henrietta. Henrietta is the family car. And she needed chains in order to make it up the snowy, ice-covered roads.

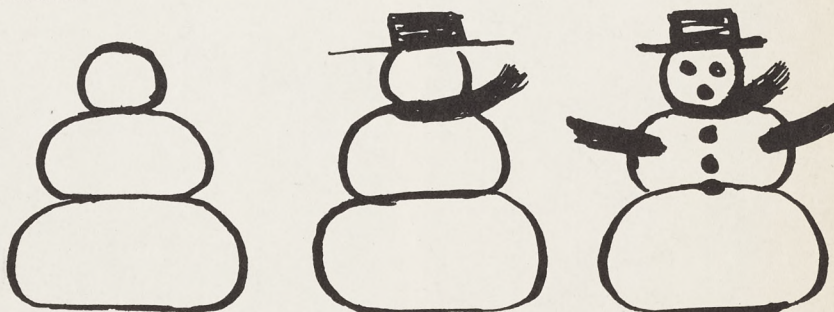
The Millers planned on getting up to Buckhorn by 1 o'clock that afternoon. But because the roads were so slippery they skidded around and around and got stuck three times. Each time they had to wait and be pushed by other cars with chains. When they got as high as the turn to Mount Wilson on the Angeles Crest highway there was a sign that said:

So they took the road to the right, which was a short ways from the hotel at Mount Wilson. Of course, they weren't as high up as Buckhorn, and there wasn't as much snow, and it was already 4 p. m.

They parked by the hotel and the children piled on their extra clothes and jumped (as best they could with so many clothes on) out of the car. They both ran for the biggest pile of snow and fell right into it.

Because there was so little time left, the whole family got busy right away to build a snow man. Soon after they had started, a beautiful fresh snow began to fall. It was like a magic fairyland. Tim and his Daddy worked hard rolling one large snowball, while Tess and her mother rolled theirs in another direction. The largest one was used for the bottom half of Mr. Snowman. Then, they made a much smaller one for his head. It was almost dark. They worked feverishly to finish him up.

Mr. Miller donated one of his old hats. Mrs. Miller gave her scarf. Tim used some sticks from the back of the car for the arms. Tess found pieces of coal near the hotel for Mr. Snowman's eyes, nose, mouth and buttons. He was a handsome, wonderful Mr. Snowman.



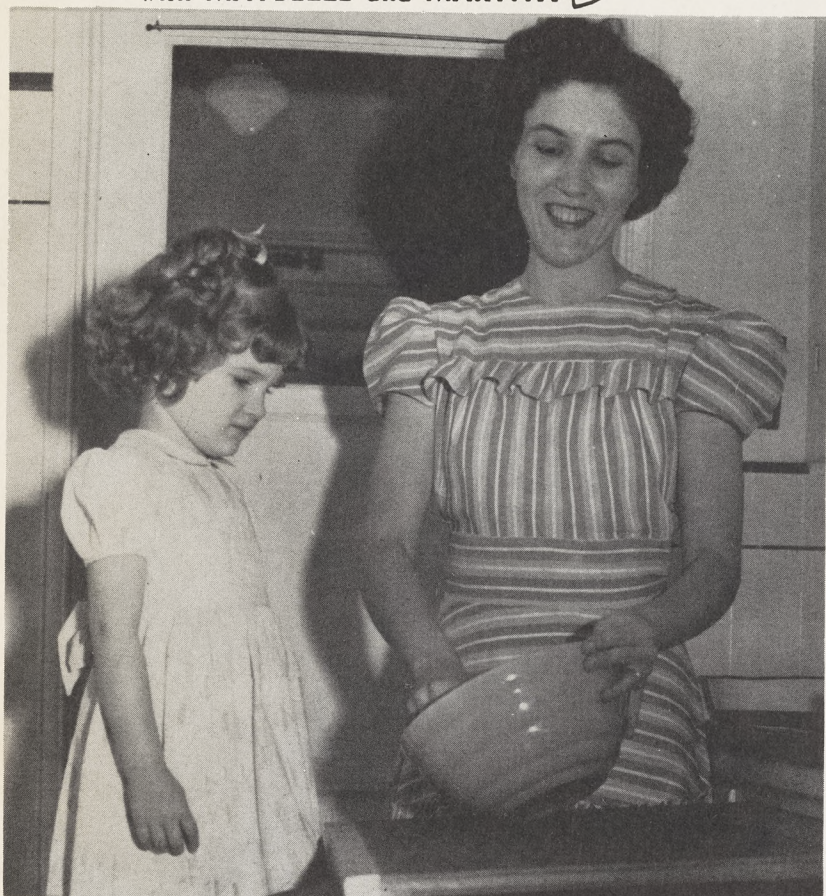
And children, when you are on your way up to Mount Wilson, I want you to stop off and make friends with the Millers' Snowman. I'm sure that he will give you a nice, cold, but friendly, greeting with his wooden-stick-hands. And if you should happen to see any other children trying to knock his hat off by throwing snowballs . . . you know what to do And you have my permission to DO IT.

*Snow-long! —
Grandma Whittier*

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TO GO FARTHER
WITHOUT CHAINS

Kitchin'ning

with MAYBELLE and MARTITA



AUNT KATIE'S OATMEAL COOKIES

Mrs. Horace S. ("Cookie") Rees' great Aunt Katie wouldn't have given Marjorie (that's Mrs. Rees) this recipe at all if as a young girl she hadn't been so very, very fond of these oatmeal cookies. She likes cookies of any sort—that's why her husband says her middle name is "Cookie." But even for a cookie connoisseur, this recipe of Aunt Katie's is something extra special.

Mrs. Rees' daughter, Dorothy, 3 1/2, helped her mother make these, even as Mrs. Rees once helped Aunt Katie make them:

Mix 2 cups granulated sugar, 3/4 cup shortening well together; then mix 2 cups sifted flour, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon soda, and 1 cup ground raisins. You'll have to knead the later with your hands. You won't get far mixing it with a spoon. It takes 2 cups of raisins to make 1 cup ground raisins, too. Then beat 3 eggs well and add them.

Drop mixture 1 teaspoon at a time on greased cookie tin and bake in 350 oven about 12 minutes or until done. You'll get 80 cookies from batch, but if you have a family, they won't last long.

Aunt Katie, who lived at Dayton, O., was always very chary of giving out her recipes unless she knew the recipient would appreciate them. Mrs. Rees is sure you'll appreciate this one!

(Continued from page 21)

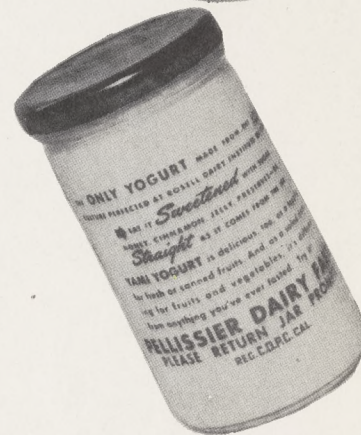


Mrs. Berryhill explains with chart school's reading program to Mrs. Gregory and P-TA members Mrs. Moseley, Mrs. George R. Parker and, lower left, Mrs. L. G. Tingwall.

MARCO POLO ATE YOGURT

... and, historians say, the famed explorer encountered it in China. Other ancient chronicles abound with references to **Yogurt** in India, Persia and Egypt. It is mentioned in early histories of Iceland, Lapland and Mongolia. Long recognized as possessing exceptional health-promoting qualities, it became well known when a physician from the court of Constantinople prescribed **Yogurt** for Francis I of France. The ailing monarch regained his health through a regular diet that included **Yogurt** and thereafter the Trappist monks perpetuated **Yogurt** cultures in their monasteries. It was first brought to this hemisphere through the Trappist monastery in Quebec.

The Bulgarians, Turks and Greeks relish it daily, and one revealing study showed that there are almost twice as many centenarians per million population in Bulgaria as in the U.S. We may not want to be centenarians but we still welcome any delicious food that makes a significant contribution to health and vigor.



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